

# The Laptop



Once upon an evening bleary, while I toiled, stressed and teary,  
Over piles of vague and vexatious pages of a prior war—  
While I studied, nearly snoring, suddenly there came a roaring,  
Just like two bugs softly boring, boring in my laptop core.  
“It’s not saving now,” I whispered, “storing in my laptop core—  
If it fails, I’ll just restore



Then the rasping, rough, rebooting of my scarred hard drive computing  
Froze me - rose me just as smoke puffed white right out the disk drive door.  
Frantic now, my work degrading, quickly I stood, all hope fading  
“It’s not saving now, cycling cycles in my laptop core—  
Not yet saving now, cycling cycles in my laptop core—  
All is lost. I can’t restore.”

So like Ezra I’m now witting, still I’m sitting, STILL I’m sitting  
At my lamp, a late campfire burning like my laptop core.  
My eyelids are downward sloping, I’m a student that is coping—  
Pen in hand, my brain still groping for what words were typed before.  
Through the night my stylus scratching out the lines I typed before,  
In my laptop evermore

Dublin Williams

